



“LEST WE FORGET”





John Proctor

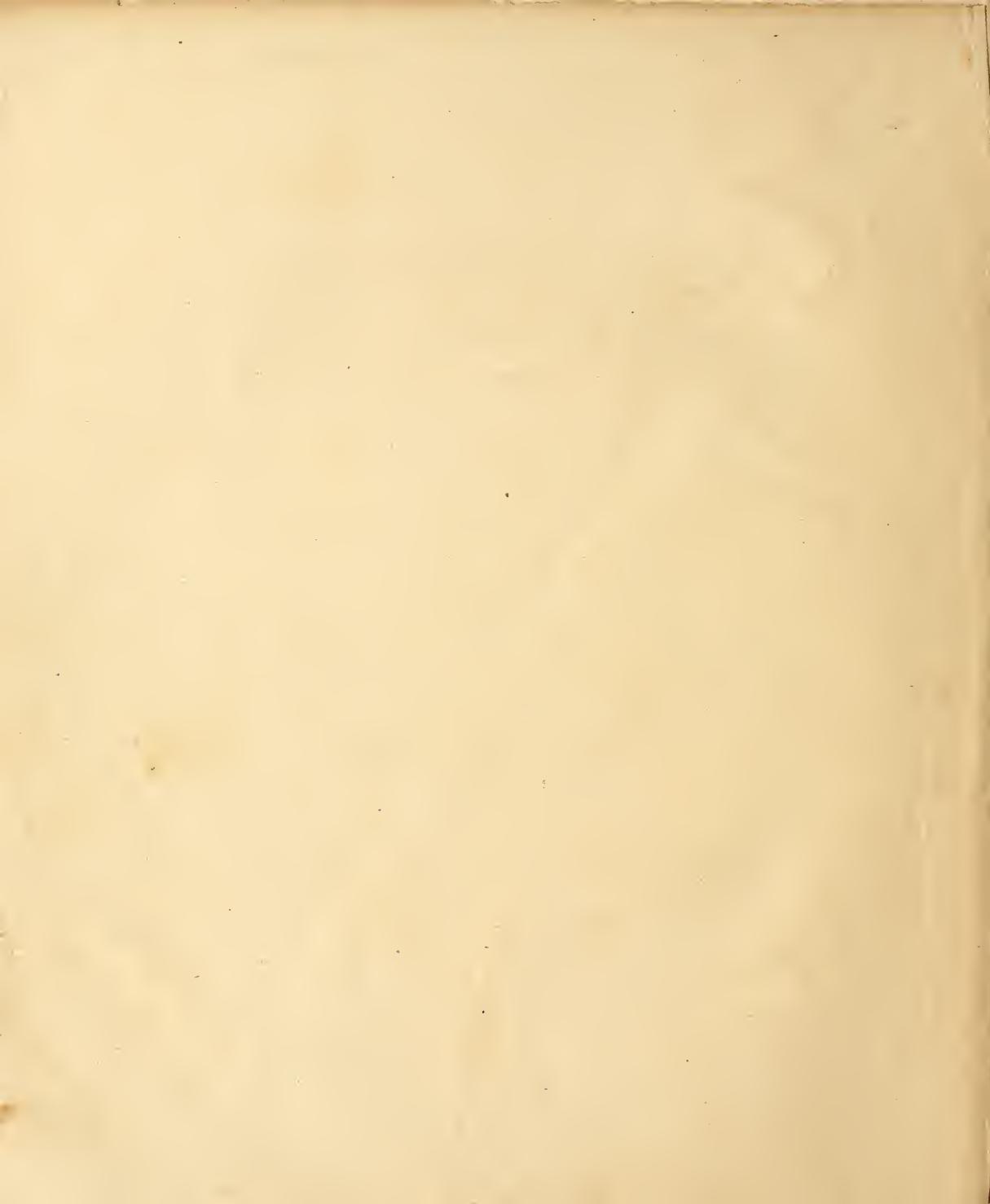
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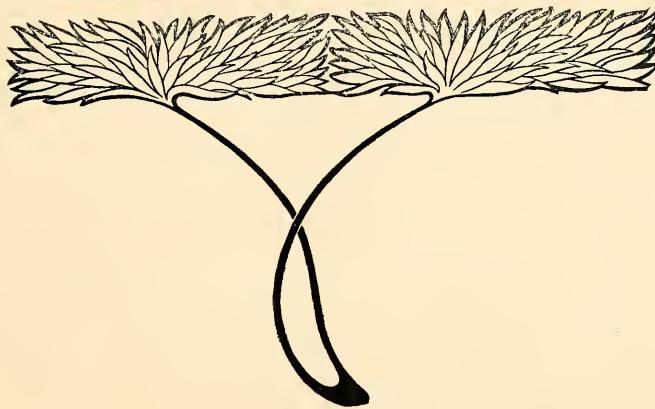


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**"LEST WE FORGET"**



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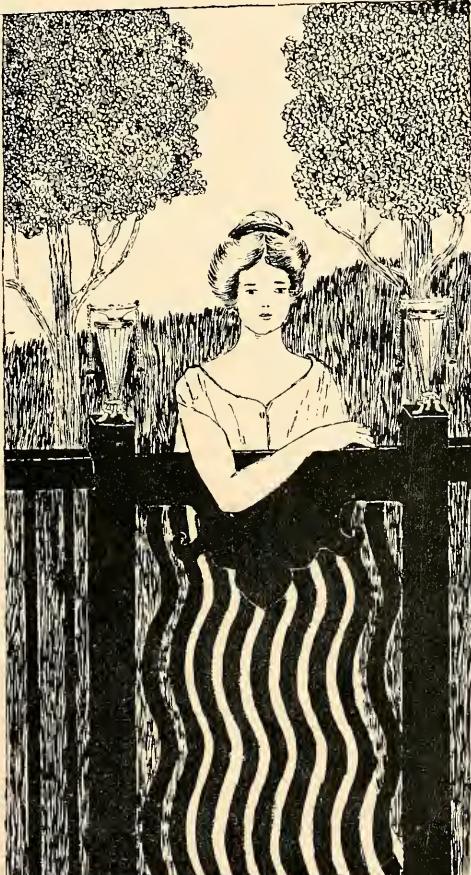
JACKSON, TENNESSEE



Φ LEST WE FORGET. Φ

S · W · B · U · N · I · V · E · R · S · I · T · Y

A N N U A L



VOLUME I. 1904.



Dedicated to our President  
**Dr. George Martin Savage**  
For whose untiring efforts in behalf  
of our beloved University we  
are deeply grateful.



GEORGE MARTIN SAVAGE, A. M., LL.D.



### Toast.

Here's a health to Alma Mater;  
    May her strength and fame increase,  
May no other school be greater  
    In time of war or peace.  
    All homage I bring,  
    Her praises I sing  
And drink to Alma Mater.

May her sons be e'er victorious,  
    Her daughters ever true,  
May her name be ever glorious,  
    And ring the ages through.  
    Fill up the glass,  
    Let the toast pass,  
And drink to Alma Mater.

—DRU HELEN CROOK.

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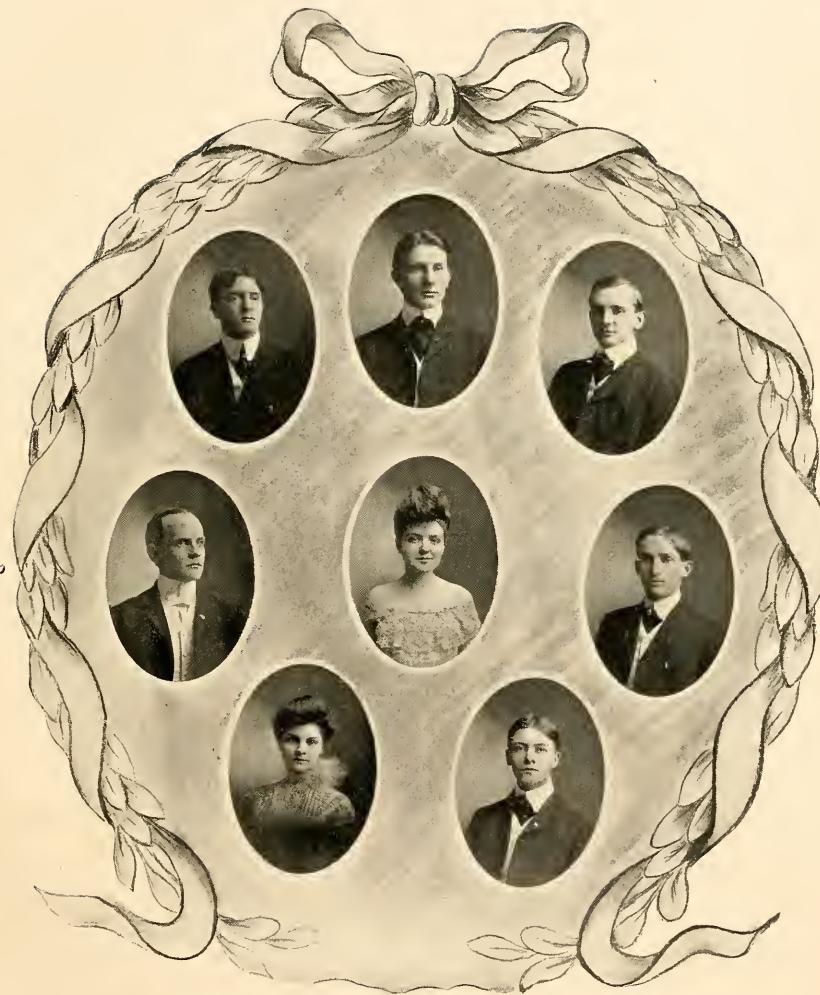
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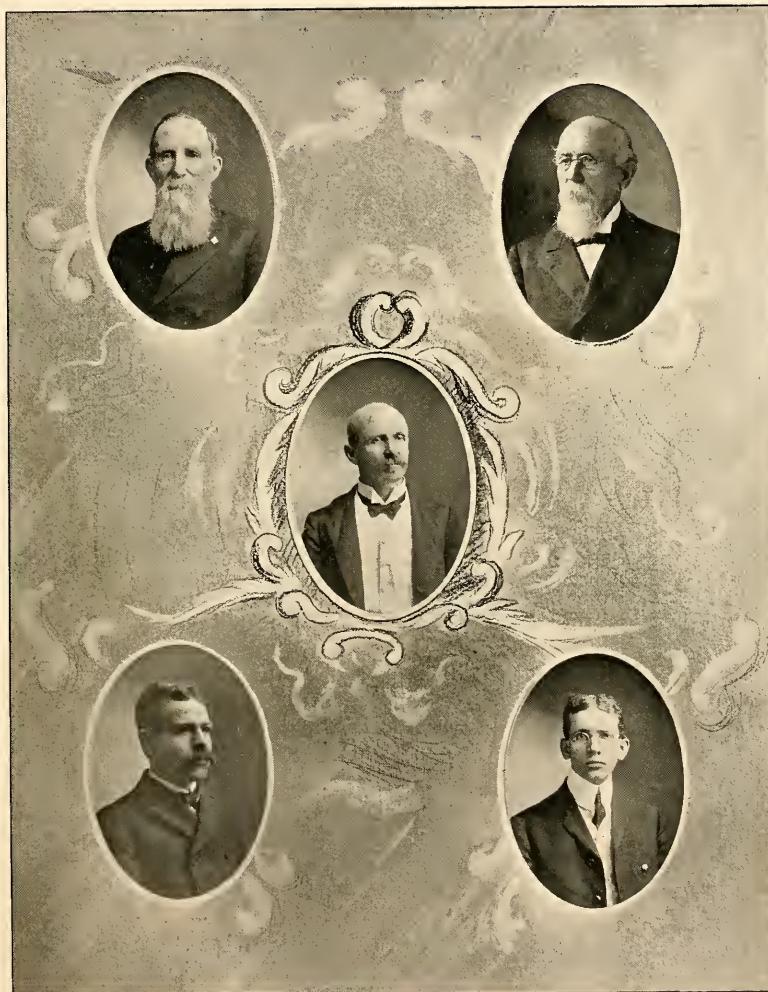
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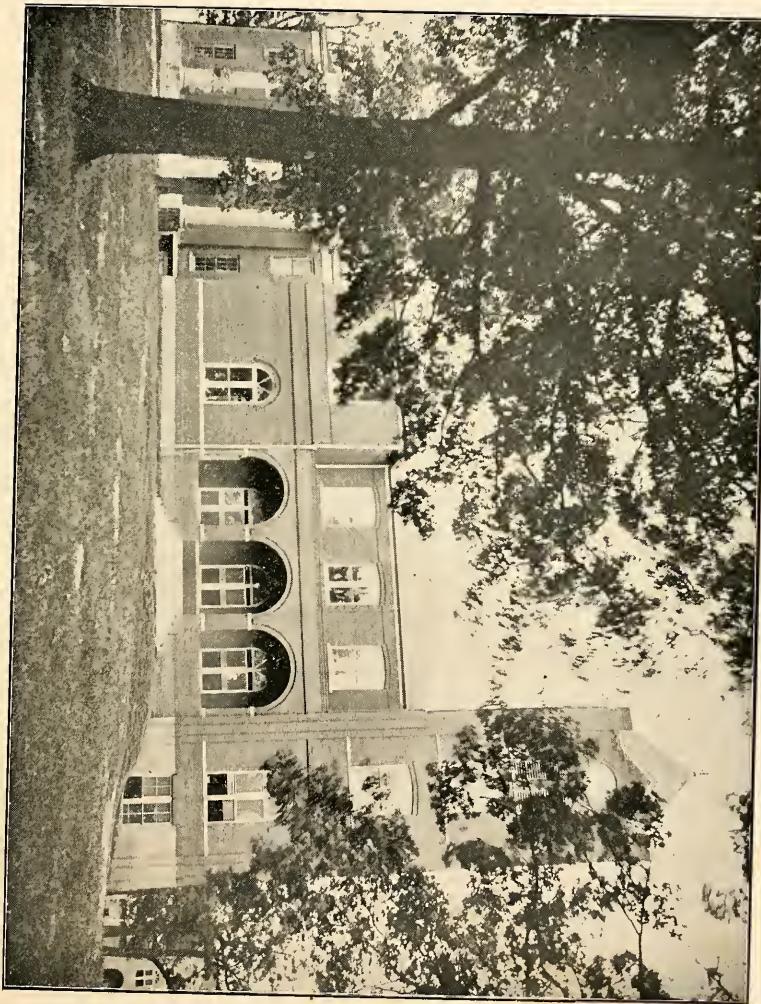
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VIEW OF BUILDING.





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<i>The Art of Terrifying</i> . . . . .	ALFRED M. WILSON
<i>The Odes of a Nightingale</i> . . . . .	HERBERT HUTCHINSON



## **Senior Class.**

---

### **Yell.**

Rickety-rack, rickety-roe !  
Seniors, Seniors, 1904 !  
We've studied long,  
We'll cram no more  
We've won our laurels by the score,  
They ne'er have seen our like before,  
For we're the class of 1904 !

### **Colors.**

Blue and White.

### **Motto.**

Ne quid nemis.

### **Flower.**

White Rose.

## The Seniors.

DELIA ETTA BEVILLE . . . . Tennessee

"None but herself can be her parallel."

She is one of our two town girls. She is the most conscientious one of us all about her work, and—a miracle, but true—she manages to do all the parallel reading that is assigned. She takes life seriously to a certain extent. She entered S. W. B. U. in '01, and is our Class Prophet; also a Palladian; contestant for Palladian medal '03; representative of Palladian Society, Washington Birthday entertainment '04; President Palladian Society one term '04; A. B. degree.



DRU HELEN CROOK . . . . Tennessee

"A head  
So full of grace and beauty!  
Would that mine were half so gracious."

This young lady was born sometime since the year 1, but she isn't old yet by any means. The records have been misplaced and she doesn't know the exact date. She entered the University in 1900 and has been a very important factor in class politics. She is a Palladian; a member of Y. W. C. A.; Chi Omega; Secretary of the Senior Class; Art Editor of *LEST WE FORGET*; A. B. degree.

MONROE ELMON DODD . . . . Tennessee

"His hopes and friends are numberless."

Is unable to tell when or where he was born; therefore, we can do no better. He entered here in 1900, and has been a social favorite ever since. He is a member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity; a Calloipean; orator of Senior Class; University representative in State oratorical contest '04; member Glee Club; C. L. S. best debater's medal '03; J. R. G. award '03; diamond medal in School of Oratory '03; literary editor of *LEST WE FORGET*; President C. L. S. '04; A. B. degree.





### PERCY LAFAYETTE ECHOLS . . . Arkansas

"Oh, let me close my eyes and dream  
Sweet, fanciful, vagrant dreams."

Percy first began to make trouble at Alma, Arkansas, in the year 1885. Later, his papa took him to Ft. Smith, from which place he took the slow train through Arkansas and arrived here in 1900. He has been a very enthusiastic student of athletics, and has won for himself quite a reputation. Kappa Sigma; Apollonian; captain basket ball team '02; full back of football team '03; member Varsity nine '03; member and manager of baseball team '04; member basket ball team '04; President of A. L. S. '03; member Tennis and Glee Clubs '04; athletic editor *Eatonian* '04; Treasurer

Senior Class; salutatorian A. L. S. annual entertainment '04; A. B. degree.

### BESS BLAND EDWARDS . . . Mississippi

"I will know if there be any faith in man."

She came into Mississippi to adorn this mundane sphere some years ago, but when, she won't tell. Her career here has been free from any exciting events, for she studies hard, jollies her friends, and by means of her industrious air works the Profs. She entered in '02; Palladian; Chi Omega; President Y. W. C. A.; Editor Local Department of *Eatonian* '04; Vice-President Senior Class; Editor-in-chief of "LEST WE FORGET"; A. B. degree.



### JOHN WARTHAN HOLLAND . . . Tennessee

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone  
When science self destroyed her favorite son."

John was placed on the list of consumers in the fall of 1883, and has been a resident of Jackson since that time. He entered the S. W. B. U. in '99; Kappa Sigma Fraternity; President of Senior Class; Apollonian; Young medal in June contest, '03; one of the orators Washington's Birthday entertainment '04; business manager of "LEST WE FORGET," '04; A. B. degree.



## PHILIP PAUL MEDLING . . . . Tennessee

"There's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility."

Began to grow at Dyer, Tennessee, and never stopped until he came to the University. Since he has been here, his work has been so heavy and his social duties so arduous, that their burden stopped his growth. He entered in '99, and is our Class Poet; he is also librarian of the University; Calliopean; member Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity; C. L. S. representative in preliminary oratorical contest '04; President of C. L. S. '03; President J. R. G. '03; valedictorian of C. L. S. '04; member Glee Club '04; A. B. degree.



## FRED HARRIS PEEPLES . . . . Tennessee

"Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end."

We don't want to make any startling statement, but this young man came down with the April showers in 1883. He entered S. W. B. U. four years ago, and has made for himself a reputation as an orator. He is a member of the "LEST WE FORGET" staff; an Apollonian; one of the representatives of the A. L. S. in preliminary oratorical contest '04; Sigma Alpha Epsilon; President of A. L. S. one term '04; one of the orators for A. L. S. annual entertainment '04; A. B. degree.

## SAMUEL LOTHAIRES RAGSDALE . . . . Tennessee

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

Made his debut in the world sometime in the seventies. Entered S. W. B. U. in 1903; student University of Nashville 1900-03; received degree of Licentiate of Instruction U. of N. '02; member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity; member of Varsity eleven '03; Apollonian; member and manager basketball team '04; President of the Inter-society Oratorical Association '04; Treasurer Athletic Association '04; President A. L. S. one term '04; Class Historian; President of Gibson County Club; member of Glee Club; instructor S. W. B. U. '04; valedictorian of A. L. S. '04; A. B. degree.



## Juniors.

Class '05.

Colors.

Old Gold and Black.

Flower.

Sunflower.

Motto

Carpe diem.

Yell.

Vivo, vivo, vivo, vive,  
S. W. B. U., 1905,  
Who's alive? We're alive,  
We're the class of 1905.

### Class Roll.

MISS LUDIE MAYO.  
MISS IRENE ECHOLS.  
MISS LENA RUSHING.  
MISS BESS MACKEVETT.  
MR. T. SCOTT WILLIAMS.  
MR. FLEMING J. O'CONNOR.  
MR. W. GARNET FOSTER.  
MR. WARNER C. BARHAM.  
MR. LUCIUS E. CRUTCFIELD.  
MR. T. RILEY DAVIS.  
MR. C. W. STUMPH.  
MR. GILBERT C. ANDERSON.



May  
JUNIOR CLASS.



## Junior Class History.

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**A**S ALL GREAT events are chronicled in history, it becomes necessary that one of such BOUNDLESS weight and importance as the organization of our Junior Class should have a history entirely its own. If, however, we should undertake to relate all the wonderful happenings of this celebrated class, there would be required a much greater amount of space than is allowed us. For this reason alone, we shall give only a few of the most important items.

In the early fall we had our first meeting and, after due ceremony, elected as president, Mr. T. Scott Williams, who has proved himself an ideal presiding officer and of whom any class might be justly proud.

Miss Minnie Morris was made vice-president, but since that auspicious occasion has returned to her home in Baldwyn, Mississippi, leaving that office vacant.

Mr. Warner C. Barham was next honored by being elected secretary of this intelligent body, and throughout our entire brilliant career has shown marked ability in the preparation of his records.

But it is before our grave and reverend (did I hear a dear Senior raise an objection?) treasurer, Mr. Flemming J. O'Connor, that we bow in admiration. When we consider with what skill and accuracy he has managed our funds (?) we are overwhelmed with gratitude!

Miss Irene Echols, Miss Ludie Mayo, Mr. W. Garnett Foster, Mr. Lucius E. Crutchfield and Miss Bess McKevert were elected respectively prophet, historian, orator, grumbler, and poet, all of whom could readily prove, if they were only given the slightest opportunity, their remarkable genius. Their mental ability is recognized by each member of our honored faculty as being unparalleled (at least we've come to that conclusion, judging from the laborious tasks they thrust upon us).

When, early in September, the Seniors, noble and aspiring band, first disturbed the "even tenor of our way," we modest Juniors gazed with dazzled



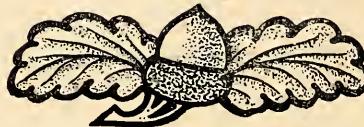
VIEW OF CAMPUS

eyes upon their glowing countenances, marveled at their mighty deeds and bowed before their wondrous wisdom. We anticipated their wishes and listened well to their lightest words (and sometimes they were wondrous light!), and as we gazed at them with awe and speechless admiration, we poor deluded mortals wondered in our innocent souls "what demigods have come so near creation." Imagine, if you can, what a blow it was to our innocence when we learned, to our utter amazement, that the "Great Ones of the Earth" were only mortal and that they, *even they*, did sometime err.

We are inclined to believe that the class of 1904, with its superabundance of vanity, should have as its motto, "I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." We didn't bark until we found them out and so,

You needn't expect it Seniors,  
You know it can never be,  
No need to even attempt it,  
I think you'll agree with me,  
That no matter how much you study  
And no matter how much you strive,  
You can never equal in brilliance  
The old class of 1905.

We would say to the school in general,  
Learn a lesson from this class,  
Avoid the mistakes of these Seniors  
Or you'll come to a dreadful pass,  
But follow the lead of the Juniors  
And then the time may arrive  
When you'll almost equal in brilliance  
The old class of 1905.



## Sophomore.

### Motto.

Labor est engeneum.

### Colors.

Magenta and Gold.

### Roll.

MARGIE ARNOLD.

ELTA ARNOLD.

B. P. BROOKS, *Prophet*.

W. P. BUTLER.

VERNA CAMPBELL.

CORINNE COSTEN, *Poet*.

G. C. FERRELL.

HANNAH HYATT, *Vice-Pres.*

C. N. HARRIS.

C. C. JENNINGS.

ADDIE S. MERCER.

GEO. MORRIS, *Treas.*

S. E. REED.

G. B. SMALLEY, *Orator*.

W. C. SALE.

LADY MARY SMITH.

MINNIE SHANNON.

BESS THRELKELD, *Historian*.

MARY TOWNSEND.

A. K. TIGRETT, *Pres.*

R. W. WAGSTER.

T. R. MOSS, *Sec'ty.*

### Yell.

Rickety, Rickety, Rus !

What in the world is the matter with us ?

Nothing at all, nothing at all,

We are the Sophs that know it all,

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah Re Ro

Sophomore, Sophomore 1904.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

## A Dream.

---

**T**AWOKE this morning not with a song and—but from a curious dream which I hope will not be difficult to interpret. In the dream a band of merry muses appeared and revealed to me the destiny of the class of '06.

They unveiled a mystic, but inviting realm. Hear, while I unfold the fate of each as told to me. Old Father Time's relentless hand will be laid on all and many and varied will be their joys as well as sorrows. Some will live lives of single blessedness, others will revel in matrimonial bliss.

Margie and Etta—they're settled there,  
Both affirm and stoutly swear,  
No weaklings they, their lives to wreck  
At Cupid's nod or Passion's beck.

Time passed on until its finger on the Zodiac pointed to Minnie Sasser's marriage. What a pity! she was a gifted girl, but spoiled her career by marrying so young. One would not know her as the gay and happy girl of twenty years ago.

Poor Minnie Shannon! How many admirers she had! It was so difficult for her to make a decision, for her tender loving heart could not reject all. After many years we see her "Moss" covered grave, and the "Brooks" will ever sing a requiem as they flow on their course to the sea.

Many maids of many minds, Corinne Coston and Hannah Hyatt became famous "fudge" manufacturers; their business increased to such an extent that they were able to employ a "Butler" and found ready "Sales" for their sweets.

Bess T. declared it was not good for woman to live alone, and when Clyde J. found her one day making love to the man in the moon, he soon convinced her that one nearer home would be a more congenial companion, and that some day they might walk the golden streets of Olympus and from there take a trip to the moon. She is calmly waiting.

George M. became a Professor in (Smith)sonian Institute, saying it was

superior to any other, not excepting even his old Alma Mater, the S. W. B. U.

Look, oh dreamer! Behold thy friend Sales still at the old University; again he has been rewarded for persistent effort and advanced to the Junior and hopes to successfully lead the class in nineteen-twenty.

Addie Mercer is yet young and bright, and fair, but oh! how altered is her air; she was so (Harris)ed she forgot the vows of her school days to be an old maid and changed her views as well as her name.

Tigrett became a Professor of Astronomy and Mary T. the guiding star of his life, and he smiles now as he witnesses the curious circus feats of the minor constellations seen from his own observatory.

Geo. Ferrell became one of those elusive problems that ever defy solution. He made a greater success as captain of a ball team than anything else.

Wesley W. became also famous in the athletic field, sacrificing the love of the only girl who ever loved him. She died of a broken heart.

Eugene R. succeeded Prof. H. as tenor in the old S. W. B. U. Those who are obliged to sit and listen, as others did in the years gone by, are hoping all sins will be wiped away, expiated by the severe penance endured.

Smalley continued for years telling the old, old story. He did not enter the conjugal state till late in life. Perhaps this accounts for his turning lecturer, his favorite theme being, "Is Marriage a Failure."

Lest we forget, oh lest we forget  
The muse on Time's scroll has writ each name  
Like a half-finished tale each life seems  
As fairy hands weave a crown of fame.

I listen to the prophetic strain  
And long to live the sweet days again,  
Backward then to turn Life's (brightest) leaves  
When we culled the precious golden sheaves.

May each one here whose name's inscribed  
And all on pleasure's sweet imbibed,  
On roll of honor each year be found  
All glory gained, by God's hand be crowned.

—BURROW P. BROOKS.



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WILLIE JAMESON, *Secretary.*

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ROBERT ANDERSON, *Prophet.*

GUS A. JONES, *Vice-President.*

MISS GUSSIE WATSON, *Treasurer.*

ROSWELL DAVIS, *Poet.*

*Handwritten signature*

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ERNEST ESTES.

MISS ORNICE PECK.

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H. E. BRAY.

JOHN RUSHING.

FRED CARDENAS.

B. L. TYSON.

**Colors.**

Old Gold and White.

**Flower.**

Marechal Niel Rose.

**Motto.**

Nigres omnes nobis similes videntur.

As sure as there are angels in heaven,  
We'll graduate in 1907.

**Yell.**



FRESHMAN CLASS.

## Freshman Class History.

**A**LL GREAT events of history are recorded in ancient, mediæval and modern times. As the Freshman Class has never had any greatness thrust upon it, but has achieved greatness, it is worthy of a place in *LEST WE FORGET.*

I think I can truthfully say that the S. W. B. U. has never had a more enthusiastic Freshman Class than we.

This year the book of knowledge has been opened to us and we have found that we are not of so much importance as when in our Sub-Freshman year we thought we would be.

We have crossed the Rubicon with Cæsar on rafts of "Indirect Discourse;" we have felt an ardent desire to shine as intellectual stars, and have had a longing in our hearts for something more difficult than Geometry; consequently, the "Sophs" have very kindly agreed to leave us "Trig."

We are prominent in the fraternities, in the societies, in athletics and in the faculty meetings, and all the other prominent places of college life.

As yet, we have not shown the greatness which lies dormant within us, but before we leave the S. W. B. U. in '07 we hope to show what the Freshman Class of '04 can do.

RAMELLE BRITT.

### The Freshman.

Who has woes and toils and pain,  
Who bears all that he may gain  
The prospect of renown and fame?

A Freshman.

Who is jeered and laughed to scorn,  
Whose brow is it that's daily crowned  
With cutting words and bitter frowns?

A Freshman.

Who must bear the brunt of fun,  
And have his feelings daily "*done*,"  
Supply the joker's pen with puns?  
The poor Freshman.

Who is it that the teachers hate,  
That always reaches classes late,  
And who is charg'd with an empty pate?  
It is a Freshman.

If any one deserves from men  
A word of kindness now and then,  
A cheering act from stage or pen,  
It certainly is a Freshman.

Who meets the Seniors' winks and nods,  
As through his task he blindly plods,  
And treads with fear where others trod?  
No one—just a Freshman.

Who are those wise old men out there  
With cap and gown and Senior-air,  
With heads so full of knowledge rare?  
Well, they are "*used-to-be*" Freshmen.

Who are the men of worth to-day,  
Who hold the world within their sway  
And move the millions in their way?  
They are those who once were the freshest of Freshmen.

—ROSWELL DAVIS, *Freshman Poet 1904*.





DR. P. T. HALE

Recently elected President, who will take charge June 1, 1904

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 GALLOWAY, J. V.  
 JONES, A. L.  
 GOODWIN, MISS CONSTANCE.  
 SANCHEZ, CHARLES.  
 SUTTON, BROOKS.  
 REINEY, SENTER.  
 CHAMBERS, G. W.  
 SAVAGE, A. M.  
 YOUNG, FRANK.  
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 STOKES, MRS. T.  
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 STREET, KATHERINE.  
 UNDERWOOD, ED.  
 KELSO, J. O.  
 RICHARDSON, MISS ETHEL.  
 JOHNSON, ED. L.  
 RICHARDSON, A. J.  
 GARDNER, L. C.  
 LEWIS, J. M.  
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 SIMMONS, DUKE.  
 HARRIS, PHILIP.

HOWARD, O. T.  
 PIGFORD, C.  
 SWAIM, C.  
 JONES, MISS IDA.  
 VAUGHAN, MISS GLADYS.  
 JOHNSON, MRS. RUBY.  
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 TOWNSEND, HARRY.  
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 MOORE, A. W.  
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 HICKEY, MISS ALMA.  
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 ELLIOTT, C. R.  
 SMITH, E. H.



STUMPED.



CLASS IN SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

## How He Won His Drive.

THE ROOM was brilliant with light and assembled beauty. A little apart with her cousin Philip, stood Helen Winthrop talking earnestly, when lifting her eyes she encountered the quiet gaze of a gentleman, who was leaning against the window near by and regarding her steadily.

As her eyes met his, she felt a little resentful of the quizzical light in them, yet her curiosity was piqued—in short, she was interested. She spoke in a low tone to Philip, who beckoned to him. The man came forward slowly, yet not at all disconcerted, and they were introduced. There was an ironical light in his eyes as he bowed low over the tips of the fingers she presented him. She sent a full critical look, yet not without inquiry into his, as she said in coolly conventional tones, “I am happy to have met you.”

The man, with an assumption of mock humility, held her eyes with his own as he challenged, “I hope I shall prove equal to your demands, Miss Winthrop.”

She was surprised, but she restrained her curiosity, and with a pretty little outward gesture as if refusing to discuss the subject, said indifferently, “Do your best and I shall not complain.” Then more naturally, while a ripple of genuine girlish amusement crossed her lips, asked with sudden animation, “How do you know I have demands?”

“You should hide your eyes when you wish to hide your thoughts. In addition, your cousin Philip told me I was on trial and if satisfactory, to my Lady Disdain, I should be granted the privilege of the seat by her side on the drive home to-night;” then without special interest, “is the pleasure to be mine?”

She puckered her delicate brows and looked down, as if in deep reflection. The man watched her coquetry with an amused smile. At last she lifted her glance and with quite a friendly burst of confidence replied, “The average human must come to conclusions—incorrect, if you like, but still *conclusions*. I shall tell you mine when they are reached, and in the meanwhile, Mr. Fenton, remember you are on trial, so be on your best behavior, for upon that

depends entirely your place in the trap—and in my heart," she added as a happy afterthought.

The two were standing under a chandelier of the brilliantly lighted parlor, the girl, slim, white, soft and seductive as moonlight; he, elegant, quiet, with an air of poise and unembarrassed self-confidence which was guaranteed by the sense of power which radiated in everything he did and said.

They had stood for some moments mentally summing up each other, when Miss Winthrop suddenly asked in an injured tone, "Do you know you have not asked to see my dance card?"

"True, I had quite forgotten it."

"You do not speak as if you much cared," with a little pout.

"You must see I am wildly, extravagantly interested." The quiet gravity of his face belied the words. Miss Winthrop laughed frankly and extending her tablet said, "You may put your name down for any dance."

They were in full view of everyone, a fact which he apparently did not mind, for he took programme, hand and all in his own firm clasp. But he did not reply. Instead, he seemed to forget that he held them. Miss Winthrop watched him from under her eyelashes with a half-defined smile playing in the dimples of her mouth. At last with a faint uplifting of her straight brows, "I am afraid you are fatiguing yourself, Mr. Fenton. You can put my things down now."

"When I have taken what belongs to me," said he with the most imperturbable calm. "Did you not promise me a dance, and I have not put my name down for one yet."

Whereupon, still holding her hand in one of his, with the other he pulled back the cool slim, fingers and took from them the tablet, but instead of inscribing his name, he slipped it into his pocket and quietly tucked the little hand under his arm, saying in positive tones, "Come for a walk on the veranda instead of dancing, I should like it much better."

Helen was ashamed of herself for being secretly pleased at this high-handed method. Nevertheless, she did not refuse, although she warned him, "I am dreadfully stupid in the moonlight."

"We are most of us *ourselves* under its influence and I wish to know you as you are," he coolly suggested. Here she withdrew her hand positively, and together they walked out into the night. She leaned against the balustrade, with the moonlight falling in long streamers and clinging about her like a veil. Most women are pretty in the moonbeams, but this soft-eyed, tender-faced girl

seemed a part of the mystery of the night as she leaned there looking up at the scurrying clouds as they were blown in long fleecy strips across the deep blue overhead. The odor of the jasamine floated up from the woods and the tones of a solitary bird clove its somber depths.

Fenton stood mutely regarding her and, try as he would, he could not persuade himself that the pose and the picture were not consciously made for him. The idea irritated him and it was in complete silence that he drew out his cigar and lighted it without asking permission. Perhaps she interpreted his unspoken thought, for it was in decidedly imperious tone that she demanded, "Why don't you say something? It is rude to stare so."

Provoking silence.

"Do you hear me speak to you?" with increasing irritation.

"The moon is exceedingly becoming, but suppose we go in," he suggested. Fortunately for all concerned, a reproachful voice was heard, as the owner came eagerly through the window.

"Here you are, found at last! I call this a beastly shame, Fenton, to give us all the slip and hide out like this. A dozen fellows are claiming Miss Winthrop for this dance and are searching for her high and low."

In verification, a merry crowd came laughing up the veranda.

"I never saw any one so distressingly sentimental," said Jack Foote, Helen's cousin and dearest foe, "Fenton mooning and making love, and Helen pale and pensive."

Miss Winthrop accepted the challenge. "And I never saw any one so distressingly idiotic."

Jack, wilfully mistaking her, "Oh Fenton, she traduces you! We all know 'practice makes perfect' and haven't you been at it a number of years!"

Fenton, who never by any chance lost his self-possession, said, "Knowing my anxiety to please and Miss Winthrop's determination *not* to be pleased, I crave your pity in defeat."

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Jack, "there'll be moonlight nights again later on."

No one cared to notice this impertinence and Helen, moving toward the door, turned and glanced up at Fenton. "Goodnight," she said, nodding her head at him in a slow, sweet fashion that confessed her petulance and asked for pardon all in one.

For full a moment, Fenton stood as they left him. Then he turned on his heel, went into the night and finished his cigar out on one of the rustic seats

under an oak. It is a significant fact that he did not come into the house during the rest of the dance—which exasperated Miss Winthrop not a little.

“He is blessed with more impudence than any *two* men I know,” she mentally commented, noticing his absence. Then she thought of her programme he had in his pocket and her blood boiled. Yet, after the last strains of the Home Sweet Home waltz had died away, she sat for fully five minutes in a far-away dream, then scribbling on a piece of paper she had borrowed from the girl next to her, she gave the note to a small boy of the family who was standing near, with directions to find Mr. Fenton.

When this young man received it under his tree in the yard, he struck a match and read:

“Bring back my dance card immediately and come drive me home.”

He smiled a knowing smile; gave the youngster a quarter and strolled leisurely into the house.

—CAMILLE BEATRICE BELL.





VIEW OF LOVELACE HALL.

## From the Latin of Horace.

### Ode V, Book I.

What graceful lad with perfumed brow,  
On rosy banks reclining,  
Doth homage pay to thee, fair maid,  
Whilst thou thy locks art twining?

Oh, Pyrrha fair, with auburn hair,  
How simple in thy beauty!  
Yet for thy cause one would not pause  
To leave his highest duty.

How often will he moan his faith,  
His changed gods disproved,  
Who, heedless of thy coquetry,  
Has trusted thee and loved.

The fickle breeze, rough sea winds  
Have warned him, yet in vain,  
Who all unwonted hope and sighs  
That constant thou'l remain.

Ah, wretch, they who credulous,  
Believe thee fancy free,  
Who all too soon become aware  
Of thy wiles and witchery.

The votive picture on the wall  
May tell my fate for me  
For I have hung my garments up  
To the ruler of the sea.



W. G. FOSTER.

G. B. SMALLEY.

P. P. MEDLING.

BESS EDWARDS.

H. E. WATTERS.

ORA McGEE.

L. E. CRUTCHFIELD.

W. C. BARHAM.

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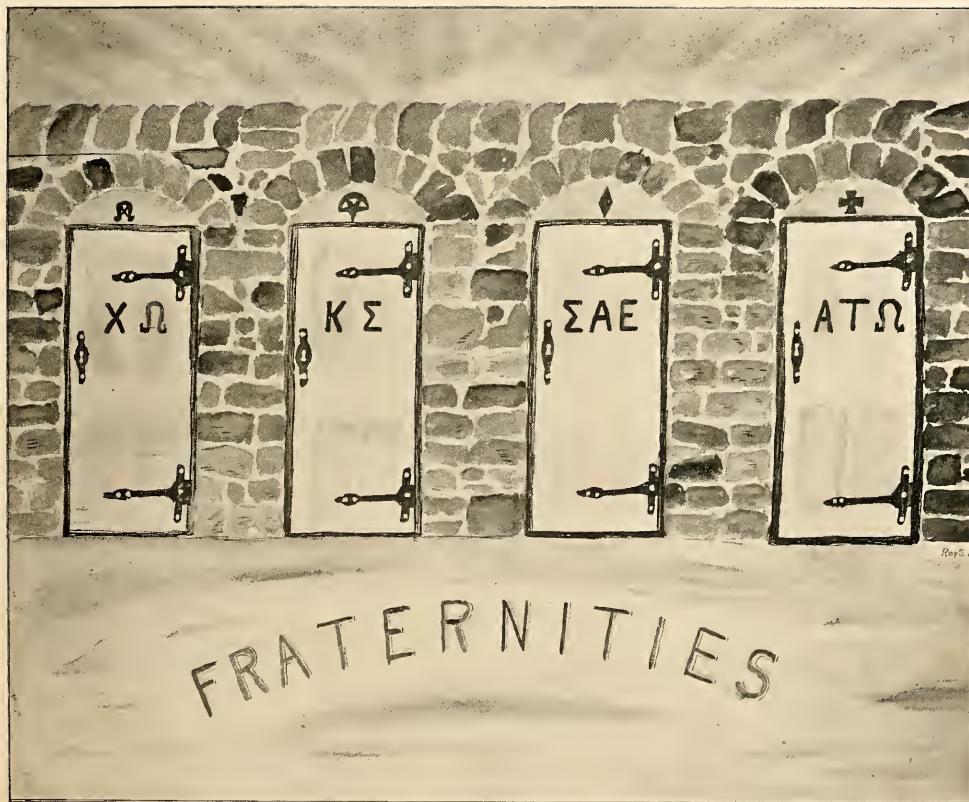


MRS. ELIZABETH HOBSON,  
Director.

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MISS VERA CAMPBELL, '05, Tenn.  
MR. M. E. DODD, '04, Tenn.  
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MR. W. C. SALE, '04, Tenn.  
MR. T. SCOTT WILLIAMS, '04, Tenn.  
MISS ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '05, Ga.





# Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Founded 1856. Tenn. Eta Chapter founded 1867.

**Official Organ:**

*The Record.*

**Flower:**

Violet.

**Secret Publication:**

*Phi Alpha.*

**Colors:**

Purple and Old Gold.

## Members.

'04.

SAMUEL LOTHaire RAGSDALE.

FRED HARRIS PEEPLES.

PHILIP PAUL MEDLING.

'05.

THOMAS SCOTT WILLIAMS.

GILBERT CHRISTIAN ANDERSON, JR.

FLEMING JAMES O'CONNOR.

'06.

AUGUSTUS KING TIGRETT.

GEORGE COOPER FERREL.

'07.

SCOTT MORRIS DULIN.

ROBERT HENRY ANDERSON.

JOHN HOYT RUSHING.

## Special.

ELMER HARRIS SMITH.

## Our Yell.

Phi Alpha Alicazee, Phi Alpha Alicazon,  
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,  
Rah, Rah, Bon Ton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,  
Rah, Rah, Bon Ton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,  
Ruh Rah, Ruh Rah, Ruh Rah Ree,  
Ruh Rah, Ruh Rah, S. A. E.



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
THE BROTHERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE PHILADELPHIA FRATERNAL ORDER OF THE PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION

# Kappa Sigma.

Founded 1867, U. of Va. Alpha Theta, 1892.

**Official Organ:**

*Caduceus.*

**Flower:**

Lily of the Valley.

**Secret Publication:**

*Star and Crescent.*

**Colors:**

Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green.

## Members.

'04.

PERCY LAFAYETTE ECHOLS.

JOHN WARTHAN HOLLAND.

'06.

GEORGE MORRIS.

ROBERT LEE KLUTTS.

CARROLL NILES HARRIS.

COLUMBUS CLYDE JENNINGS.

'07.

ROY ROCHELLE.

ERNEST HARWELL ESTES.

CHARLES FISHER WEBB.

JAMES ARTHUR PARTIN.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS JONES.

HENRY EDWIN BRAY.

AUBREY D. WARMATH.

JOHN ZARA NORRIS.

HENRY COLUMBUS KLUTTS.

WALTER A. PARTIN.

## Specials.

WILLIAM RUSSELL THOMPSON.

SENTER WILSON REINEY.

## Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Crescent and star!

Vive la! Vive la!

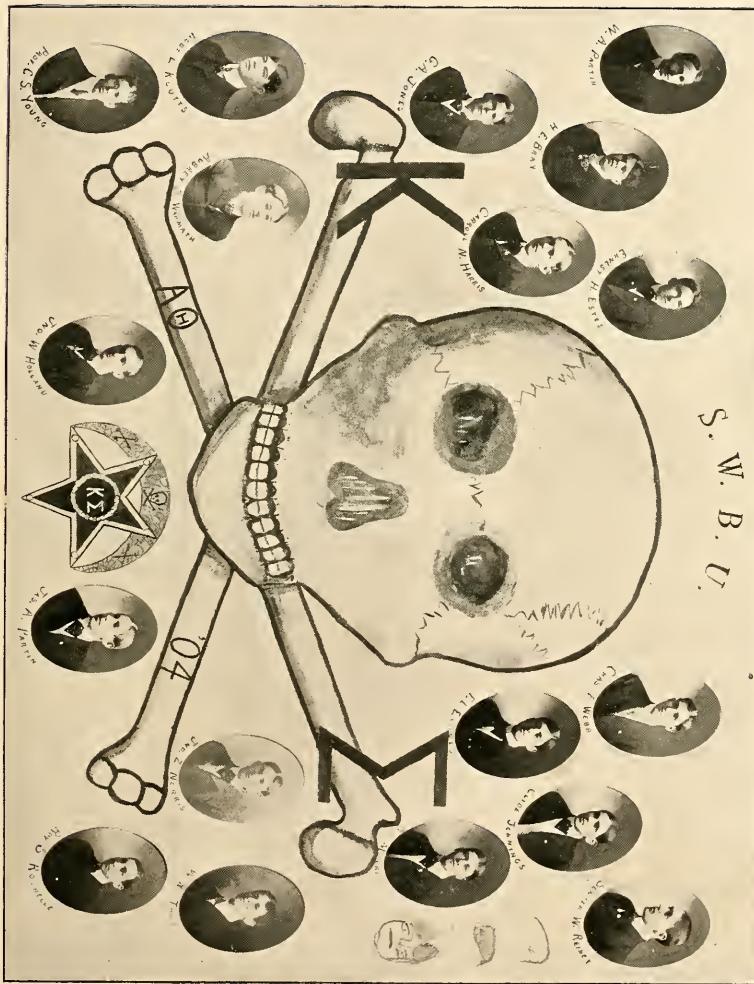
Kappa Sigma!

Alpha Theta, Alpha Theta!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Alpha Theta, Alpha Theta!

Kappa Sigma!



## Alpha Tau Omega.

Founded 1865. Beta Tau, 1894.

**Official Organ:**

### *The Palm.*

### Flower :

### White Tea Rose.

### **Colors:**

### Sky Blue and Old Gold.

Yell.

Hip, Hurrah! Hip, Hurrah!  
Three cheers for Alpha Tau!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

### Fratres in Urbe.

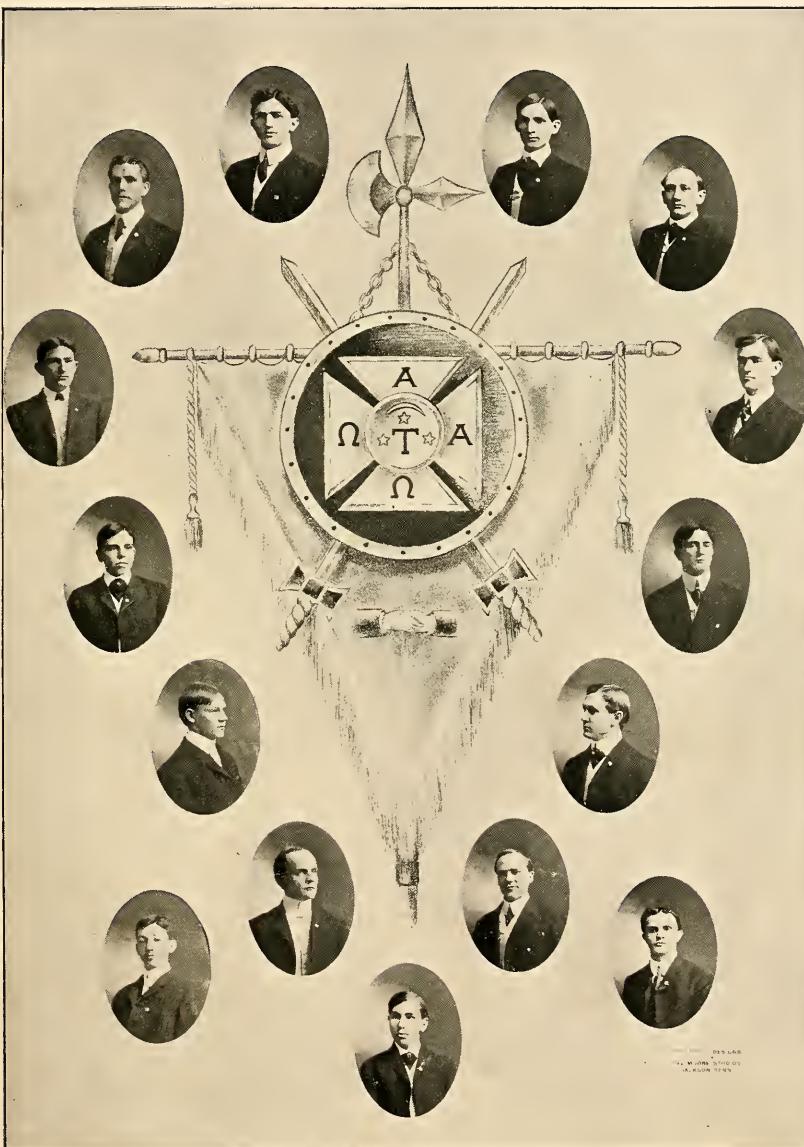
### ¶ Fratres in facultate.

Fratres in Universitate.

'04.

M. E. DODD.	'05.	J. T. EARLY.
W. C. BARHAM.	W. G. FOSTER.	C. W. STUMPH.
S. E. REED.	'06.	T. R. MOSS.
R. W. WAGSTER.	G. B. SMALLEY.	W. M. CAMPBELL.

• 02



1913-14  
THE W. J. CO. STUDIO  
W. J. CO. STUDIO

# Chi Omega.

Founded 1895. Upsilon Chapter, 1904.

**Official Organ.**

*Eleusis.*

**Flower.**

White Carnation.

**Colors.**

Cardinal and Straw.

**Yell.**

We'll vie, we'll try, we'll never die,  
Chi, Chi, Omega, Chi.

## Sorores in Universitate.

'04.

DRU HELEN CROOK.

BESS BLAND EDWARDS.

'05.

IRENE ECHOLS.

HELEN CAROLYN SAVAGE.

MINNIE MORRIS.

'06.

ELIZABETH THRELKELD.

ADDIE LOVE MERCER.

HANNAH HYATT.

'07.

AUGUSTA NUNN.

MARTHA MAI JETTON.

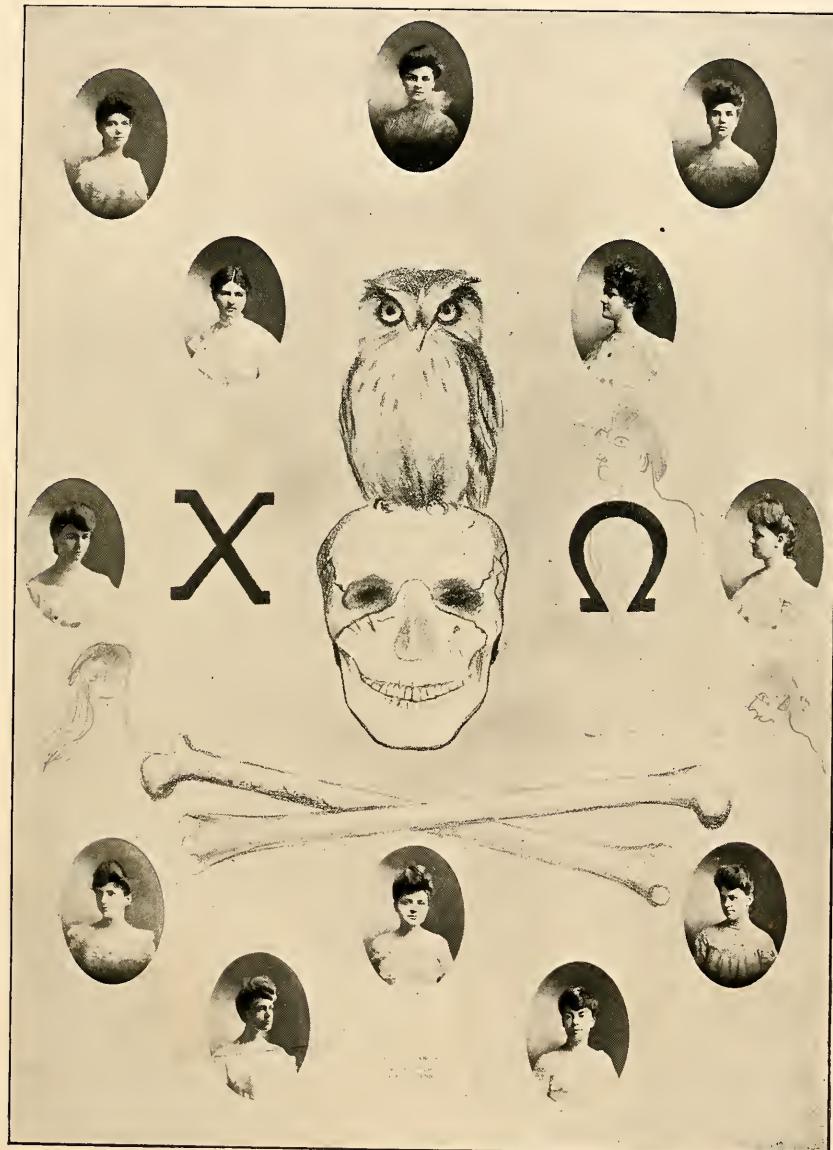
## Sorores in Urbe.

ORA BELL McGEE, B. A.

BEATRICE BELL, B. A.

BESS RUTLEDGE CRIGLER.





BARHAM:—"Sale has bought a microscope."

FOSTER:—"Is he studying science still?"

B.:—"No, but he carries it round and applies it to the jokes he hears so that he can see the point."

FRESHIE:—"How do you make a Maltese cross?"

SOPHIE:—"Pull his tail."



### College Boy's "Psalm of Life."

Bill collectors all remind us  
We must now economize,  
Or departing leave behind us  
Bills for "dad" to itemize.



In the spring the loafing Freshman  
Feels his heart begin to sink,  
For exams are full upon him  
And it's time for him to think.



On his way to the studi-o  
His boots he got muddy-o  
And he spent his last dime  
To get him a shine,  
And it wasu't so funny-o.

When he came home from the studi-o  
His face it was ruddy-o  
For the camera broke,  
Now this is'nt a joke,  
And "broke" was the laddie-o.



DR. DEUPREE (in Chemistry).—Mr. Stumph, what do you think would be the best antidote to administer to a man who has taken poison?

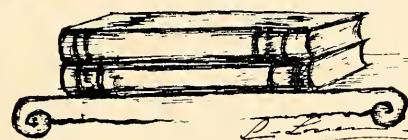
STUMPH (confidently).—Administer the sacrament.

PROF. YOUNG (in Fresh.-Eng.).—Mr. Sale, I see Milton has choir spelled quire, is this the correct way to spell the word?

SALE (doubtfully).—I thought Professor, that it was spelled choir.

PROF. Y.—Well, Mr. Sale, Milton certainly knew how to spell choir, he was in college eight years.

SALE (convincingly).—So was I.



## Calliopean Literary Society.

### Motto

“Nil Desperandum.”

### Members.

E. G. BUTLER.	GEORGE MORRIS.
E. R. BOONE.	J. P. MORRIS.
W. M. CAMPBELL.	A. P. MOORE.
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E. A. LAWLER.	T. S. WILLIAMS.
R. W. WAGSTER, <i>Rec. Sec.</i>	
C. T. LOVELACE.	
P. P. MEDLING.	



# Apollonian Literary Society.

## Motto.

Esse Quam Videri.

## Colors.

Dark Blue and White.

## Members.

ABERNATHY, G. B.

BARHAM, W. C.

BLACKARD, W. M.

BROOKS, B. P.

BROOKS, C. B.

BROOKS, J. R.

BUTLER, W. P.

BOND, W. M.

CARDENAS, F. C.

HOLLAND, J. W.

JACKSON, L. S.

JENNINGS, C. C.

JONES, G. A.

KLUTTS, R. L.

MASSEY, M. A.

MORRIS, J. B.

MOSS, T. R.

NORRIS, J. Z.

CRAVEN, H. F.

CRUTCHFIELD, L. E.

DULIN, S. M.

ECHOLS, P. L.

EXUM, M. V. B.

FOSTER, W. G.

FREEMAN, S. H.

GARRETT, J. T.

GARRETT, F. W.

PARTIN, J. A.

PITT, T. L.

PEEPLES, F. H.

RAGSDALE, S. L.

RAINEY, ROY.

STUMPH, C. W.

PHILLIPS, C. L.

KELSO, J. O.

BLAKELY, R. M.

## Yell.

Hurrah for old Mary,

Hurrah for the lamb,

Hurrah for the Society

That don't give a ——

Rip Van Winkle

Cis Boom Bah!

A. I. S., A. I. S.

Rah! Rah! Rah!



# PALLADIAN



## Motto.

Wisdom, Industry, and Taste.

ELTA ARNOLD.

MARJORIE ARNOLD.

RAMELLE BRITT, *Marshal.*

DELIA BEVILLE.

DRU HELEN CROOK, *First Critic.*

BEATRICE BELL.

CORINNE COSTEN.

VERNA CAMPBELL.

LAVINIA EDENTON, *Vice-President.*

BESSIE EDWARDS, *Second Critic.*

MARTHA MAI JETTON.

HANNAH HYATT.

LUDIE MAYO.

MINNIE MORRIS.

ORA McGEE.

BESS THRELKELD, *President.*

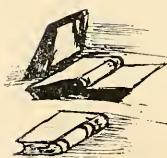
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WILLIE MAY PHILLIPS.

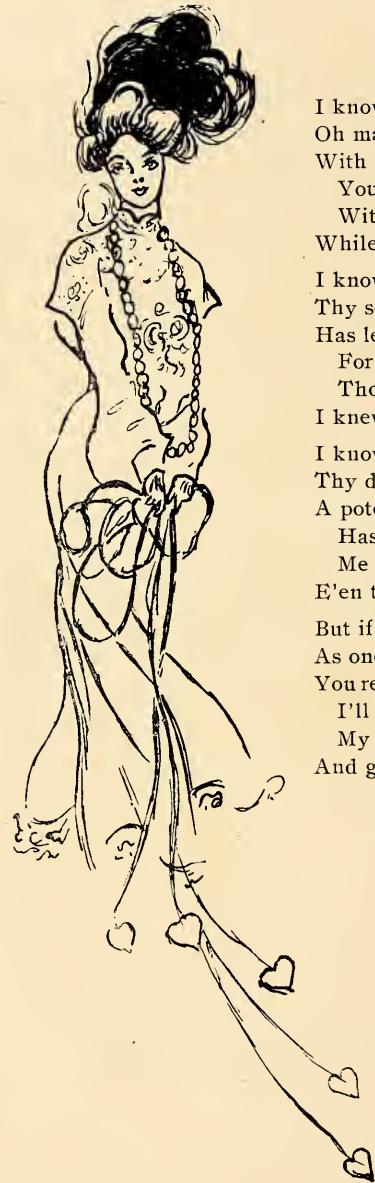
LADY MARY SMITH, *Secretary.*

MARY HAYS TOWNSEND, *Treasurer.*

BESS WILLIAMS.







### To a Coquette.

I know not why,  
Oh maiden shy,  
With laughing eyes beguiling  
    You won my heart  
    With subtle art  
While on me sweetly smiling.  
  
I know not why  
Thy softest sigh  
Has left my heart sore hurting,  
    For even then,  
    Tho' not a sin,  
I knew that you were flirting.  
  
I know not why  
Thy down-cast eye  
A potent charm conveying,  
    Has quite entranced  
    Me as it glanced,  
E'en then thy wiles betraying.  
  
But if it be,  
As one can see,  
You really have been "chaffing,"  
    I'll try to hide  
    My wounded pride,  
And go my way still laughing.





## D. W. C. A.

### Roll.

MARGIE ARNOLD.	ARCHIE HASTINGS.	MINNIE SASSER.
ELTA ARNOLD.	OLIVE KIRBY.	MINNIE SHANNON.
RAMELLE BRITT.	ELLA HUCKABY.	MAI SUTTON.
CORINNE COSTEN.	MINNIE MORRIS, <i>Vice-Pres.</i>	MARY TOWNSEND.
DRU HELEN CROOK.	DOLLY HUTCHERSON.	BESS THRELKELD, <i>Treas.</i>
FANNIE CRUTCHER.	WILLIE MAI PHILLIPS.	BESS WILLIAMS.
BESS BLAND EDWARDS, <i>Pres.</i>	KITTY WADE, <i>Sec.</i>	CLIFTON IRWIN.
IONE FITE.	MARINA PHILLIPS.	VERNA CAMPBELL.
HANNAH HYATT.	LENNA RUSHING.	ORNICE PECK.

## J. R. Graves Society of Religious Inquiry.

---

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L. ALGEE.

D. S. BRINKLEY.

E. G. BUTLER.

J. G. COOPER.

L. E. CRUTCHFIELD.

M. N. DAVIS.

Roswell DAVIS.

T. RILEY DAVIS.

C. A. DELOACH.

M. E. DODD.

J. T. DEARMOND.

J. T. EARLY.

W. E. ELLEDGE.

J. F. FIVEASH.

W. M. GAMLIN.

L. M. GRAVES.

H. T. HAWKINS.

G. C. HALL.

J. N. IRWIN.

P. P. MEDLING.

TERRY MARTIN.

A. P. MOORE.

T. R. MOSS.

C. L. NEAL.

E. Z. NEWSOME.

J. T. PEGG.

D. S. PRICE.

S. E. REED.

A. D. ROBERSON.

W. C. SALE.

G. M. SAVAGE, D. D.

G. B. SMALLEY.

J. J. SMITH.

T. H. STOKES.

E. L. STOVALL.

C. W. STUMPH.

L. D. SUMMERS.

H. E. WATTERS.





## To My Ideal.

### I.

Thou art the sweetest of the sweet,  
Thou art the fairest of the fair,  
In thee all charms and graces meet,  
And thou art debonair.

### II.

Thou hast a stately pose and visage mild  
Like one for whom the knights of Arthur strove,  
Ah, peacefully thou singest a welcome song,  
The simple, silent melody of love.

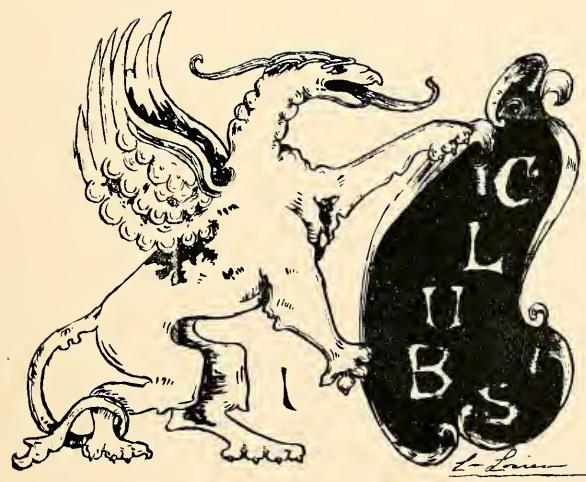
### III.

Thine eyes are softer than the evening star,  
Thy voice sounds like Cecilia's heavenly lay;  
And in the soft enchantment of thy glance  
A host of little, impish love fays play.

### IV.

O, drink sublime of flowing ecstacy,  
Ambrosial nectar that Olympus sips,  
O, paradise, O, bright elysium  
To leave a kiss on those carnelian lips.

—T. R. Moss.







# Gibson County Club

## Motto.

"It's up to us."

## Colors.

Green and White.

## Flower.

Apple Blossom.

S. L. RAGSDALE, *President.*

T. L. PITTS, *Vice-President.*

ROSWELL DAVIS, *Sec. and Treas.*

M. E. DODD.

W. C. BARHAM.

S. E. REED.

P. P. MEDLING.

F. H. PEEPLES.

L. E. CRUTCHFIELD.

S. W. REINEY.

M. S. PEARCE.



M. E. DODD.

T. L. PITTS.

ROSWELL DAVIS.

P. P. MEDLING.

S. E. REED.

L. E. CRUTCHFIELD.

W. C. BARHAM.

S. L. RAGSDALE.

F. H. PEEPLES.

## T. F. J. Club.

Colors.	Flower.
Chocolate and Cream.	Four Leaf Clover.

## Motto.

We so act that each to-morrow brings demerits as to-day.

<b>Object.</b>	<b>Fun Preventative.</b>
Fun.	Demerits.

Yell.

Ra, ra, re!  
Rae, rae, rae!  
We are the girls of the T. F. I.  
    We eat pickles, we eat cake,  
    We eat all that we can fake,  
We come with a yell, we come with a cry.  
We come, we come as the T. F. I.

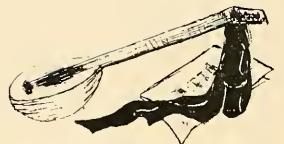
### Roll Call

MARINA PHILLIPS—Flunkey . . . . . "Behind time"  
CORINNE COSTEN—Skinny Aggravate . . . . . "Not up"  
ORNICE PECK—Chee Chee . . . . . "I'm coming"  
BENNY PERRY—Hippa . . . . . "Don't wait for me"



T. F. I. CLUB.

## Handolin Club.



MARY TIMBERLAKE.

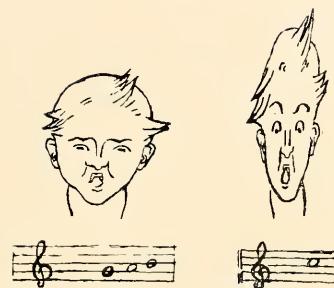
ORA BELLE McGEE.

HELEN SAVAGE.

LENA THRELKELD.

PARKER BUTLER.

## Glee Club.



M. V. B. EXUM, JR.

J. D. FRANKS.

M. E. DODD.

J. F. YOUNG.

P. L. ECHOLS.

S. L. RAGSDALE.

S. E. REED.

PALLAS BROWN.

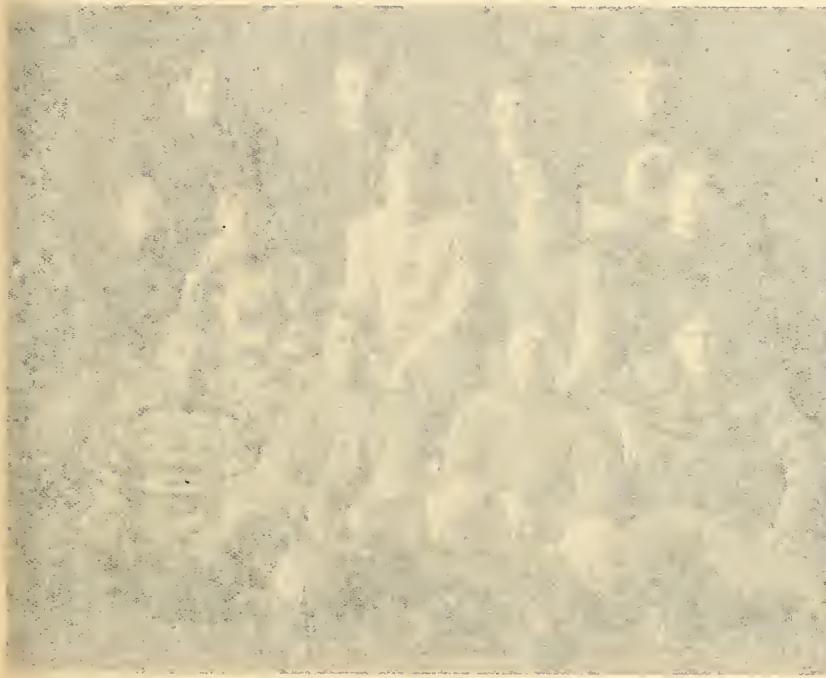
F. H. PEEPLES.



VIEW OF ADAMS HALL







## Foot Ball Team.

B.	Center	Timmons, Left Guard
C.	Left Tackle	Bacon, Right Guard
C.	Center	Todd, Left End, Right Guard
D.	Right Tackle	Williams, Quarter Back
W.	Left Full back	McGinn, (Capt.) Full Back
A.	Substitute	McDowell, Full back
		BAYTON, Substitutes.



## Foot Ball Team.

TIGRETT, I. B., Left End.  
RAGSDALE, Left Tackle.  
WARREN, Center.  
HANEUTH, Right Tackle.  
WAGSTER, Left Half-back.  
ANDERSON, Substitute.

THOMAS, Left Guard.  
BRAY, Right Guard.  
TIGRETT, A. K., Right End.  
WILLIAMS, Quarter Back.  
FOSTER, (Capt.) Right Half-back.  
ECHOLS, Full-back.  
BARTON, Substitute.

# Base Ball.

## Officers.

GEORGE MORRIS, Manager.  
I. B. TIGRETT, Coach.  
T. S. WILLIAMS, Captain.

## Team.

FREEMAN, p.		YOUNG, 3b.
PIERCE, p.		ECHOLS, 1. f.
REINEY, c.		BLAKELY, r. f.
PARTIN, 1 b.		FERRELL, c. f.
WILLIAMS, 2 b.		BOONE, sub.
TIGRETT, ss.		KELSO, sub.

## Record 1904.

March 25	C. B. C. (Memphis)	. . .	0	S. W. B. U.	12
" 26	C. B. C.	" . .	0	S. W. B. U.	4
" 31	Vanderbilt	. . . . .	9	S. W. B. U.	6
April 1	Vanderbilt	. . . . .	1	S. W. B. U.	3
" 2	Vanderbilt	. . . . .	2	S. W. B. U.	1
" 7	Cumberland	. . . . .	2	S. W. B. U.	1 (13 innings.)
" 8	Cumberland	. . . . .	18	S. W. B. U.	5
" 9	Cumberland	. . . . .	5	S. W. B. U.	4
" 12	U. of Nashville	. . . . .	4	S. W. B. U.	2
" 13	U. of Nashville	. . . . .	1	S. W. B. U.	9
" 21	U. of Miss.	. . . . .	0	S. W. B. U.	3
" 22	U. of Miss.	. . . . .	10	S. W. B. U.	1
" 23	U. of Miss.	. . . . .	10	S. W. B. U.	6





## The Deuce-it Club.

**Motto.**—“He reached over the net.”

## Members.

**Colors.**—Red and White.

## Officers.

**J. W. HOLLAND, President.**  
**A. K. TIGRETT, Vice-President.**  
**GEO. MORRIS, Secretary and Treasurer.**

### Board of Control

PARKER BUTLER. SCOTT WILLIAMS.  
GARNETT FOSTER.  
SCOTT DULIN. CARROLL HARRIS.  
ROB ANDERSON.  
BURROW BROOKS. FRED CARDENAS.  
CLYDE JENNINGS.  
ROY ROCHELLE. ARTHUR PARTIN.  
SAM RAGSDALE.  
PEEZY ECHOES. WARNER BABHAM.



## Champions.

### Motto.

We are it.

### Seniors.

P. L. ECHOLS.

J. W. HOLLAND.

T. S. WILLIAMS.

W. G. FOSTER.

A. K. TIGRETT.

GEO. MORRIS.



## The West Side Tennis Club.

**Colors**—Red and White.

**Motto**—“Never make love, never play the deuce, always take advantage.”

### Members.

BEATRICE BELL.  
HELEN SAVAGE.  
AUGUSTA NUNN.  
DRA HELEN CROOK.

GEO. MORRIS.  
ERNEST ESTES.  
PERCY ECHOLS.  
JOHN HOLLAND.



## Girls' Tennis Club.

AUGUSTA NUNN.

BESS THRELKELD.

MINNIE SHANNON.

RAMELLE BRITT.

VERNA CAMPBELL.

MARY TOWNSEND.

MARJORIE ARNOLD.

HANNAH HYATT.

ADDIE MERCER.

AMY FITZPATRICK.

DRU HELEN CROOK.

BESS EDWARDS.

OLIVE KIRBY.

CORINNE COSTEN.





## Basket Ball Team.

S. L. RAGSDALE, '04, *Manager.*

# The Stars.

## Motto.

"As sure as the stars shine,  
They'll win every time."

## Colors.

Emerald Green and White.

## Roll.

ORA McGEE.  
BESS THRELKELD.  
IRENE ECHOES.  
RAMELLE BRITT.

HELEN SAVAGE.  
MARTHA MAI JETTON.  
HANNAH HYATT.  
MARY SMITH.

## Captain.

HELEN SAVAGE.

## Umpire.

HANNAH HYATT.



### **Song of the Freshman.**

I want to be a senior dignified,  
I want to have a "pony" I can ride,  
I will work both night and day  
And go singing on my way,  
For I want to be a senior dignified.

I want to wear a cap and gown with grace,  
For the saucy sophs to set a lively pace;  
I'll get up at early dawn and my overcoat I'll pawn,  
If I can only be a senior dignified.

For a senior pin I'd spend my last red cent,  
My ready cash already I have spent  
In rushing seniors tall,  
Trying not to look so small,  
For I want to be a senior dignified.



### Lines Dedicated to the Seniors.

Three cheers for our Seniors of 1904,  
Standing inside the fast closed door  
Of life, looking out to future days,  
Traveling, in thought, the world's highways,  
Soon to be thrown 'midst the turmoil and strife  
Of this realm of existence which God has called life.

Dear girls and boys--soon women and men--  
Straight to each heart this message we send:  
Go forth in the world and bravely contest  
For truth and for honor and all that is best,  
Strong will, your companion, through thick and through thin,  
Defending and helping, the victory you'll win.

Be true to yourselves, be true to your God,  
Keep love as your prompter and hope as your rod.  
We have gone hand in hand, but now we must part  
Though sad regrets fill each and every heart,  
And though the path to fame be steep and blind,  
Yet with hope and courage the height you'll find.

All that is grandest, noblest, and best  
Is won by a will to labor with zest  
For the good of our country, our home, and friend;  
To live in His service till this life shall end.  
May each life be brightened by the light of your soul  
And hope urge you on to eternity's goal.



### To-day.

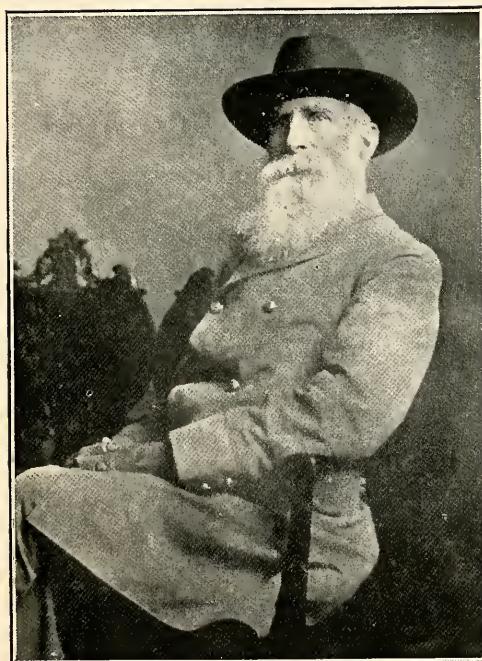
I know not what may come to me in all the distant years,  
How much of feverish restlessness, of loneliness, and tears;  
I need not look with troubled eyes unto that distant day,  
I shall not worry for the time which may be far away;  
To Thee, who doest all things well, who calmeth every fear,  
I pray that I may live with strength just the small day that's here.

### **Acrostic.**

Beauteous maid and lonely maid,  
Eyes so bright of tender blue,  
Say what would you do with my heart,  
So true, if I gave it to you?  
"I would yearn and weep and pray to keep  
Each heart beat for mine so true."

Eyes so blue, art mocking me,  
Dear maiden with heart so gay?  
What would you do with this my heart,  
Are you wishing it to-day?  
Right now it's thine, little maid so fair,  
Don't cast aside and deem it air;  
Sweet little maid of golden hair.

—B. P. B.



OLDEST ALUMNUS OF THE S. W. B. U.  
Dr. T. R. Wingo, B. A., 1857, Trezevant, Tenn.





## Pivot, A. M., Ph. D.

---

Inasmuch as this extraordinary canine has spent the greater part of his life in a university, he has imbibed the true college spirit and has become a staunch pillar of our school. After graduating at the University of Nebraska, "*summa cum laude*," he has come to S. W. B. U. for his Ph. D. His intellectual bearing and noble mien are but rays from the light within.

## Chronicle 1903-04.

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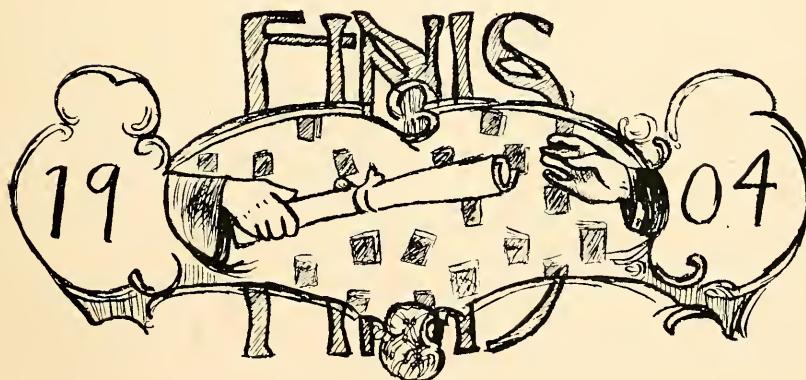
Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1903 . . . . . Session opened  
Thursday, Nov. 6, 1903 . . . . . Installation of Upsilon Chapter  
Thursday, Nov. 6, 1903 . . . . . S. A. E. Banquet to Chi Omega  
Friday, Nov. 7, 1903 . . . . . K. S. Reception to Chi Omega  
Thursday, Nov. 24, 1903 . . . . . Thanksgiving—Adams Hall Reception  
Friday, Dec. 12, 1903 . . . . . C. L. S. Semi-Annual Public Debate  
Friday, Dec. 19, 1903 . . . . . A. L. S. Semi-Annual Public Debate  
Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903 to Monday, Jan. 4, 1904 . . . . . Christmas Vacation  
Monday, January 18, 1904 . . . . . Spring Term began  
Monday, February 22 . . . . . Washington Birthday Celebration  
Monday, February 29 . . . . . Alpha Tau Omega Annual Banquet  
Saturday, March 5 . . . . . Kappa Sigma Annual Banquet  
Wednesday, March 9 . . . . . Sigma Alpha Epsilon Annual Banquet  
Friday, March 11 . . . . . Inter-Society Oratorical Contest  
Friday, April 22 . . . . . A. L. S. Semi-Annual Debate  
Friday, April 29 . . . . . C. L. S. Semi-Annual Debate  
Tuesday, May 10 . . . . . Chi Omega Annual Reception  
Tuesday, May 24, 8 P. M. . . . Annual Contest for the Joseph H. Eaton Medal  
Wednesday, May 25, 8 P. M. . . . . Grand Concert  
Thursday, May 26, 8 P. M. . . . . Commencement for School of Oratory  
Friday, May 27, 8 P. M. . . . Annual Celebration of Palladian Literary Society  
Saturday, May 28, 8 P. M. . . . . Commencement for Law Department  
Sunday, May 29, 10:30 A. M. . . . . Commencement Sermon  
Sunday, May 29, 8 P. M. . . . . Annual Sermon before the J. R. G. Society  
Monday, May 30, 9:30 A. M. . . . Annual Celebration of the J. R. G. Society  
Monday, May 30, 8:30 P. M.—Annual Célébration of the Apollonian Literary Society.  
Tuesday, May 31, 10 A. M. . . . . Alumni Address and Reunion  
Tuesday, May 31, 8 P. M.—Annual Celebration of the Calliopean Literary Society  
Wednesday, June 1, 10 A. M. . . . . Meeting of the Board of Trustees  
Wednesday, June 1, 8 P. M. . . . . Literary Address  
Thursday, June 2, 10 A. M.—Commencement Day—Graduating Exercises; Contest for the Strickland and Winburn Medals.

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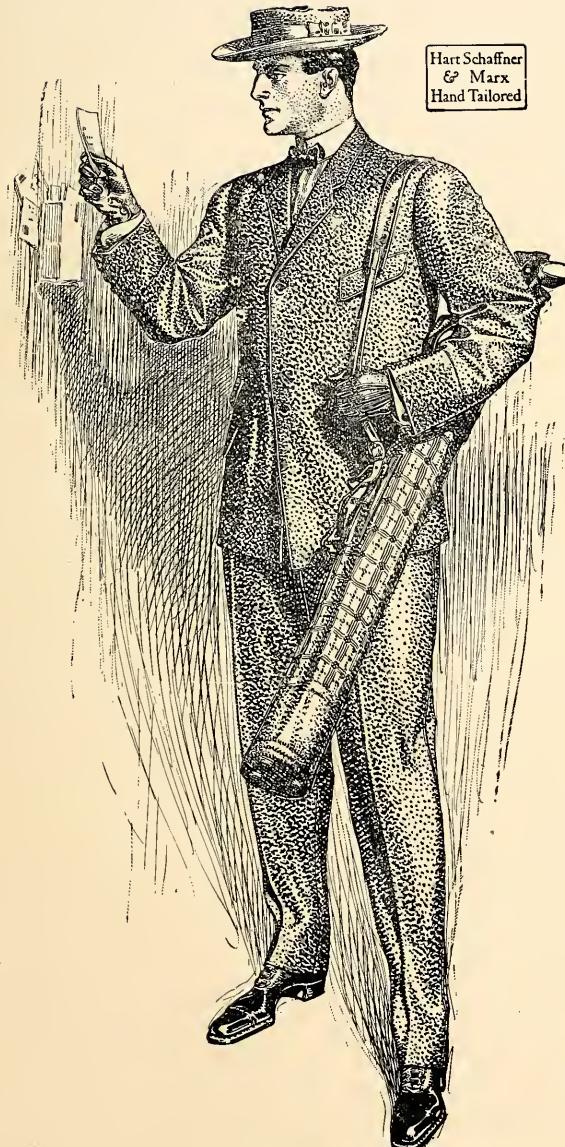
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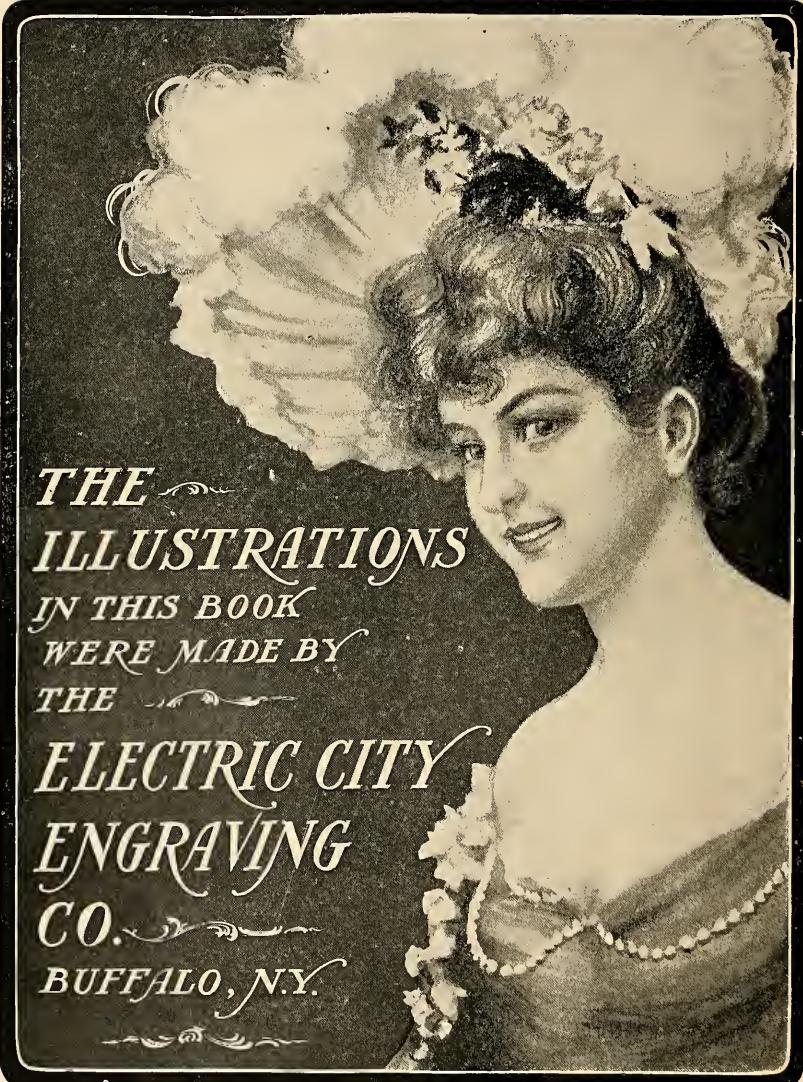
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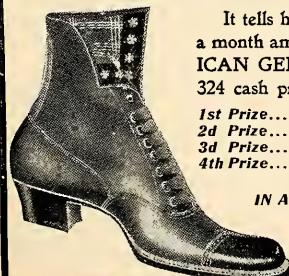
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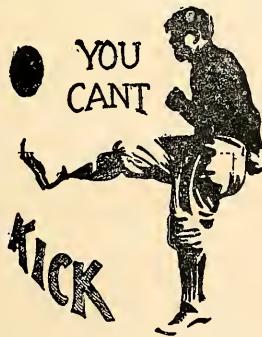
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